A SONG OF SPRING. from The English Illustrated Magazine. God's Love has broken winter's chain,
The Earth is Paradise again.
A smile of sun, a kiss of show'rs
Stars nature's firmament with flowers:
After this waiting, what relief
To scent the spring: the robin thief
Chirps champion on the holly bough,
Let's sing! the winter's over now,
And lovers lead beloved ones home.

The snowdrop's come!

The snuwdrop's come
The springtime smiled without a tear!
That night when we went out and kist
The roses folded up in mist!
That day you pulled the branches down
And made for me a leafy crown!
To you, sweet heart, when sun had set
I gave closed daisies, Margaret!
This spring again! Love's hour has come.
The snawdrop's home.

The shwdrop's home.

That wild reaction, and the thrill
Of nature's resurrection-day.
That comes as prelude to our May!
The May we've sworn to love, whose birth
Sends carols round the weary earth.
I have forgiven all; can you.
Who sent me winter thyme and rue,
Forget love's birthday? Spring is home.
The snowdrop's come.

Let's turn the year's sad leaf: forget
Its lear-stained pages, Margaret.
The chequered chronicle of time
That died in sorrow, born in rhyme,
Love's epitaph! 'twas I alone
Carved on a monument of stone;
'Look round': Eternity means love,
There's no decay! In caves above
The swallows gather winging home.

The snowdrop's come!"
—CLEMENT SCOTT.

## TOM MIDDLETON'S WIFE.

THE STORY OF A PLUCKY CALIFORNIA WOMAN

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

WOMAN.

RY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

Kate Mitchell was one of those unfortunate woman whose surplus physical energies distinguish them from others of their sex. As a citld, she was known as a "tomboy," and prim mothers held her up as an awful warning to their little daughters, while in her own home the question of how to subdue her buoyant spirits was wrestled over with true maternal solicitude. When she grew up, society frowned upon her as a "hoyden," and her way was beset with thorns.

At eighteen she could row, and swim, and ride, and play lawn-tennis like a boy. She was a great walker, and upon one occasion had walked to Mt. Diable and back in two days, with her brother and a couple of friends, a feat which alone would have sufficed to place her under a ban in San Francisco's best society. That she sang like a bird, danced like a sylph, and was, a small offset for the sum of her iniquities, and although she was exceedingly popular among a set of young and irresponsible boys, conservative circles frowned upon her, and it was generally understood that she was a young person of most radical and dangerous tendencies.

It was, therefore, a matter of polite regret when the announcement of her coming nuptials with one of this same conservative circle was received. Tom Middleton was a premaing young lawyer, of excellent family and irresponchable manners. It had been generally understood that Tom's ideal was of a different type, and more after the pattern of the elegant society women with whom he had been accustomed to associate. His intimate friend and boon companion, Jack Spencer, who had always disapproved of Kate, undertook to pose as the mouthpiece of society, and echoed its sentiments in Tom's unwilling car. Tom stood stanchly by his colors, but his friend's words sank deep into his soul, nevertheless. He secretly resolved that, for his sake and her own, Kate must be "toned down."

He succeeded even beyond his hopes. Nine years after her marriage, few would have recognized in the quiet, repressed woman, the gay

was thinking, with enty, why amusements and wondering, half-bitterly, why amusements that were conceded to be proper and healthful for men should not be healthful and proper for women. How she would have enjoyed the long tramps over the hills, the excitement of the hunt, the joy of holding a good gun on her shoulder, and knowing that she could sight and shoot with the best of them! She felt a wicked solace as she thought of the showers that had fallen in the valley and the clouds that had hung constantly over the mountains. She was lonely, duil and cross, and chafed against her hedged in life, with its narrow boundaries, its senseless restraints.

There was a rush of feet through the house, the door of her room opened, and the children burst in.

"Mamma, the creek is up! Take us down to see it!"

The childish longing for novelty and excitement The childish longing for novelty and excitement found an instant echo in her heart. They had run in from outdoor play, and were bonneted and cloaked, with rubber overshoes to protect their feet from the damp earth. As for her, it was refreshing to evade Bridget's vigilant eye, and to steal out of the front door in her loose house-dress, bare-headed, and with worsted shippers on her feet. They followed a garden path for a little distance, and then entered a narrow lane leading to a place where they were accustomed to ford in the summer time, but over which now swept a seething, tempestations flood.

As they looked and listened, Kate realized that this was no ordinary freshet, but the product of a heavy rainfall over the whole vast watershed, which had accumulated its forces in thousands of tiny rivulets, and, joining issue with the mountain stream, plunged down its narrow channel, a mighty and irrestible power.

Even as they looked she saw a wall of water suddenly rear up above and come down toward them like a minature tidal wave.

The dam built by the new water company had

They ran back from the shore to higher ground,

The dam built by the new water company given way!

They ran back from the shore to higher ground, and not a moment too soon. The stream rose several feet in a second. It cut into the solid banks on either side, and bushes and young trees, rooted up and sucked in by the greedy ourrent, went spinning by. A giant sycamore wavered, flung out its bare and skeieton limbs as it in ghostly protest, and feil far out into the stream, interlocking its branches with a sturdy evergreen oak which stood on the opposite bank, while its trunk, loosely anchored by long, snake-like roots, tossed helplessly in midstream.

"Mamma! See the big boards coming!" cried out her little daughter.

Kate looked far up stream and saw a great timber sailing leisurely along. Now it caught on a projecting snag and swung half about, now it struck on a submerged island, and idly disengaged itself and sauntered on. Behind it was another, and yet another—the stream was black with them.

"Oh, my God! The railroad bridge!"

The railroad bridge, and the afternoon train now nearly due, soon to rush down a steep grade to a leap mto that yawning chasm. Her first impulse was to start up the canon, but she instantly checked herself. What folly, when miles of overflow lay between her and the doomed train! Word must be sent down to the station, and from there a telegram to the next stopping place above the bridge. But how? The hired man! Jim had gone an hour before to the village to get the mail and have his daily gossip win the loungers of the place. Even if he were here, neither horse nor man was fleet enough to cover the circuitous road that 'ay between. Then she looked at the prostrate sycamore. Down the stream, leisurely, but nearer and nearer still, sailed the great timbers.

"Marian, take little brother and go straight to the house and stay there till mamma comes

but nearer and nearer still, salied the great timbers.

"Marian, take little brother and go straight to the house and stay there till mamma comes back."

She had already pulled herself up by one of the roots and was creeping stealthily along the swaying trunk. Here her dress caught on a branch; there she had to climb down and crawl along with ther feet under the water to avoid an upright limb. Once she slipped and lost her hold, and was nearly sucked into the eddying current, but she caught at a stout projection and swung herself up again.

self up again.
She could hear the swash of the heavy timbers She could hear the swash of the heavy timbers upstream as they rocked lazily upon the water, but she did not dare to look. Before her the main trunk of the tree was lost and she saw two diverging limbs, one low in the water, the other looked with the oak in midair. Which to take? She dared not hesitate, but began a perilous climb along the upper limb, slippery and naked in places, wavering so that she grew dizzy and shut her eyes to keep from falling. And, so, lying prone upon it, hand over hand, she crept the entire length, and the great stick of timber struck heavily against the fallen sycamore, and just as kate swung her elf into the branches of the oak she feit her support give way, and with a groan, and crash, and wild uptossings of its skeleton arms, the old tree tore loose from its moorings, and was swept down stream toward the bay.

reached solid ground at length, and first her maternal instinct asserted itself, and she looked back and saw her children standing still and looking after her. She pointed home with a gesture that they dared not disobey, and saw them turn and run up the lane, then sped along her way.

She was not light of foot as in her girlhood; whereas, she was once fleet as a deer and swift motion was a very joy to her, she now realized that she was grewing to be a stout and middle aged woman. She moved heavily and clumsily and labored for breath, and her feet were like closs beneath her. There was a mile of rough and rocky ground to be covered before she reached the station, and the train—oh, but to possess once more the agility of her girlhood!

Which would be first? Would the train, flying across the upper levels of the Coast Range, reach the next station before the brave woman had sent her message of warning? How many times she asked herself the question she could not have told. She scarcely dared hope that she might be in time. Her heart seemed ready to burst with grief for the terrible misery threatening so many happy homes. Alas! for the orphaned children who might ery aloud to heaven that night! Alas! for fathers and mothers whom the morrow might behold bowed down with sorrow! Alas! for husbands and wives—

She was crossing the bed of one of the many

hold bowed down with sorrow! Alas! for husbands and wives—

She was crossing the bed of one of the many abandoned channels of the impetuous mountain stream, a rock pathway, strewn with the spoils of by-gone ireshets, where, even then, a shallow stream was rippling past, token of the torrent's surplus force. She faltered, smitten by a new and awful thought. What if Tom—Tom, who was not to come for two days more; Tom, who had started out in an altogether different direction—should have cut short his excursion, or, with his party, driven home by the continued rains, somehow wandered to one of the upper stations and boarded the train there!

driven home by the continued rains, somehow wandered to one of the upper stations and boarded the train there?

Where was her vanuted physical strength now? What was she, after all, but a weak, wretched woman, with trembling limbs, the proof of the wounder foot into sight, and its load of woman, with trembling limbs, the proof of the wounder foot into sight, and its load of woman, with trembling limbs, the proof of the wounder foot into sight, and its load of woman, with trembling limbs, the proof of the wounder foot into sight, and its load of woman, with trembling limbs, the proof of the wounder foot into sight, and its load of woman, with trembling limbs, the proof of the wounder foot into sight, and its load of the wounder foot

sion which her spent strength seemed inadequate to fulfil! But she might not turn aside.

On the depot platform more loungers, Jim among them, rolling a quid of tobacco in his cheek and talking earnestly about the state of the weather and the prospects of the growing crops. They all looked upon her as a mad woman, as she ran past them. Jim muttered an expletive under his breath, moved by the strong indignation that must always possess a self-respecting servant, when muster or mistress does something derogatory to the dignity of his "family."

The station-master was in his office, talking with a gentleman who had come down from the mountains, and was waiting to take the train to the city. He was clad in a hunting-suit, and was talking with some excitement.

the city. He was clad in a hunting-suit, and was talking with some excitement.

"It has rained all the week," he was saying: you think it rains here in the valley, but, great guns! you should be up in the mountains in a rainstorm. Sheets and sheets of it—blizzards of sleet and hail, and the wind blowing like a hurricane. We broke camp yesterday. I took a hee-line down here. The rest crossed the hills to the station above. They'll be down on the four-o'clock."

Voice and speaker were familiar to the woman who stood in the doorway, both hands pressed to her panting breast. The words came only too distinctly to her quickened senses. Then her premonitions were true, and Tom—Tom was on that fated train. Again her body recled, but her steady brain saved her.

"Stop the train! The bridge is gone!" she cried.

Both men looked up, startled at the words. Both men looked up, startled at the words. With the prompt movement of a man trained to obey orders, the agent leaped to his instrument; the other man, slower to comprehend, came forward, the look of amazement on his face, as he viewed the singular apparition in the doorway, giving place to amused indulgence, as he recognized the speaker. What an eccentric, impetuous girl Kate Mitchell always was, and what a life she must lead Tom Middleton!

"This is quite an unexpected pleasure, Mrs. Middleton," he said smiling.

She waveled him back with a single imperious

"This is quite an unexpected pleasure, Mrs. Middleton," he said smiling.

She waved him back with a single imperious gesture. There was a brief silence. The operator listened intently, with his head resting on his hand. Kate Middleton remained standing in the decrway, her hands clasped low, her face blanched with dread, and all her soul absorbed in listening. Jack Spencer, slowly comprehending the meaning of the scene, waited, his interest growing with every moment's delay.

At last it came, the monotonous click, click, conveying its portentous message in a language unknown to two of the three listeners. The operator arcse from his chair.

"Just in time. The train was pulling out of the station, but they stopped her."

Kate Middleton clutched at the doorway. For the first time in her life her head gave way. She was again on the swaying sycamore, and the limb was cracking, breaking, going down. She felt the water on her face and opened her eyes, to find Jack Spencer supporting her head, and the station-agent pouring ice-cold water over her.

the water on her face and opened her eyes, to find Jack Spencer supporting her head, and the station-agent pouring ice-cold water over her.

"She'll be all right in a minute," said Jack, cheerfully. "Now, Mrs. Middleton, with your permission, I'll see you home."

She berrowed a hat and cloak from the station-agent's wife. Jim brought up the horses, Jack Spencer handed her into the wagen, with grave courtesy, and they drove off. Some of the loungers, dimly understanding what she had done, looked on curiously. That was all. No fuss, no formal tributes, no speech-making even from the two who understood. There was no deputation of strong men to tender her public tribute, in voices shaken by sobs. Contrary to all tradition, and unlike any hero or heroine who ever saved a train from wreck, she was on the wrong side of the bridge, and the people most deeply concerned were nine miles away.

She had little to say on the ride homeward, although Jack Spencer was attentive and talkative, and tried, as hard as a man could, to show his appreciation of her brave deed. Perhaps she was embarrassed in the consciousness of her odd attire, and the curious looks cast upon her as she rode through the village. Perhaps she was embarrassed in the consciousness of her odd attire, and the curious looks cast upon her as she rode through the village. Perhaps she was secretly ashamed of her mad race, and of the exceptional, unwomanly physical provess that had made it possible, notwithstanding the fact that it had saved many lives. She did not even invite Jack to come in when she reached her own door, but descended from the wagon with great dignity, and only relaxed a little when Jack said, very earnestly:

"I shall never underrate the value of physical

earnessly:

I shall never underrate the value of physical training for woman again, Mrs. Middleton. Some day I shall beg to put my little daughter under your tutelage.

Which was a great concession for Jack, whose little daughter was the apple of his eye, and whom he had hitherto only looked forward to making an accomplished woman, of elegant man-

whom he had hindered woman, of elegant manners.

Neither honor nor praise awaited Kate in her cown home. Bridget scolded her, and put her to bed, and declared that she "wud surely catch her death a-cold, an' she desarved it well." and tried to save her from the consequences of her misdeeds at the same time. Of the children, Harry stubbornly resented her base desertion of them on the bank of the raging stream, and Marian, with her mother's spirit of adventure strong upon her, terrifled the household by avowing her intention of going across the water on a tree the first time she could escape parental authority.

The mother had her reward, nevertheless. Late that night, when the children were asleep and Bridget had relaxed guard, Kate escaped from bed, and domning a wrapper and shawl, laid herself down upon the lounge before the open fire, to enjoy scanning the daily paper. The rain fell steadily without, so steadily that the sound of a horse's hoofs coming up the sodden driveway was scarcely distinguishable from the patter of the rain-drops. Kate started up as she heard a step outside the door; another moment, and Tom was before her, looking very solemn, like a newly materialized ghost.

"Town?" she eried, sharply, and then she seemed

Tom?" she cried, sharply, and then she seemed "Tom?" she cried, sharply, and then she seemed to cower before him; yet not before him, but the horror of the afternoon, which again descended upon her and took possession of her. Tom, her husband, unight have been one of that grizly throng of mangled, crushed, dead, and dying phantoms of the might-have-been, ever torturing her mental vision. She pressed her hands over her eyes, as if they might har out the sight.

"Oh, you ought not; you never should do such a thing," she said.

his love for his brave young wife, his pride in her, and his contrition.

There was a purse made up by the passengers on the overland train that fateful day, to reward the plucky woman who had saved them from such a frightful disaster, but they were never able to find her out. The station-master and Jack Spencer kept their secret well. The only subscription that ever reached its destination was Tom Middleton's. His wife sometimes wears a very unity bracelet set with a couple of very large and ponderous gold coins. When people question her about it she replies that it is a medal Tom once awarded her for a race she won. It is generally understood that she refers to some rowing match or horseback ride, for there are boats on the pond now, saddle-horses in Tom's stable, and a tennis-court on the lawn. But even as she answers Kate sees again the railroad train, with its precious living freight, thundering on to destruction, and a woman, bare-headed, wild-eyed, with draggled dress and bleeding feet, racing desperately across a rough country, in a mad effort to avert the impending danger.—The Argonaut.

Ont of the mist the river glides to us, Glides like a phantom strange and marvelous Out of the mist.

Into the mist the river passes on, With inarticulate murmur flows and Into the mist. And yet, perchance, upon its infant rills Fair shone the sun amid the cradling hills Before the mist.

And when at last the full flood nears the main,

Perchance a glory crowns it yet again,
Beyond the mist.
JOHN W. HALES. BABY'S PIGS.

From The Youths' Companion. rom The Youths' Companion.

Ten little pigs that grow and thrive,
Rosy and plump and clean;
Two little pens, each holding five.
And the owner is liaby 'Gene.
They wriggle about, and root and dig.
And push again and again.
Till at last we find one dear little pig
Is out of the little rad pen.

Baby 'Gene is a little old man,
Bald and scrious, too,
He looks to the pigs whenever he ca.
But he has a great deal to do.
And this little pig says he'll get some corn,
And the next one crice: "O where?"
And the little one says: "In grandpa's barn in
And the great one knows it's there,

And the great one knows hts there.

Four pearly grains he can plainly see;
Have them he must and will;
He strains and struggles—but "quee—quee—quee"
He can's get over the sill;
So he's given it up, and off he goes,
(Aith Grandfather 'Gene bucre),
Snubbing and rubbing his little bare nose
On the way to the paniry door.

You queer little pig, you're ever so bold,
Int it never, never will do!
The great wide world would be cruel and cold
To a little pink mile like you.
Mamma must bring her needle and yarn
And build up the fence again,
For the five little pigs would be quite forlors
Outside of the little red pen.
EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

SHE LOOKED SO COLD. From Tid-Bits.

m Tid-Bits.
You looked so cold and prond; and yet.
The tender spray of mignonette
Close to your heart, mid clinging lace,
seemed whispering, from its resting place,
That I of hope and love might know.
If I could speak to you—aithough
You looked so cold!

You looked so cold, so proud; yet still,
The star-shine on the window-sill
Showed me your eyes with tears were wet.
Your eyes—like sprays of mignomette.
Showed me the flush upon your cheek.
And yet—and yet—I could not speak—
You looked so cold:

She (two hours later, over the register): She (two hours later, over the register I feel so cold, mamma, and chill. I sat beside the window-sill. I sat and froze for two long hours, Amont those chilly palms and flowers, Thinking De Jones would surely speak—He looked so pensive, and so meek. He clasped my hands in his—and yet He only asked—my infgnonette. With icy tears, my eyes were wet—I folt so cold:

RITTLE K. HER IDEA OF PEPPER,

From The Boston Courier.

She was a wee maiden of three summers, accustomed to the simplicity of the nursery table, and with a taste unvitiated by the use of spices. She was allowed the other day to come to the family table, where she was especially interested in the mystery of the pepperbox, an article which had appearently never before come within the limits of her observation. She watched with close attention while her papa peppered something, and then with the unnext gravity and politeness, she extended her plate, saying:

"Pleaso put a little dirt on mine, too, papa."

HE MEETS HIS WATERLOO.

From Tid-Bits.

She was a ravishingly beautiful creature, and on being introduced Hankinson threw open the flood-gates of his conversational sbillity, and for ten minutes let the pearls of wisdom, wit and brilliancy flow in a steady globular drip which was most entertaining. He wound up by asking her how she liked Mr. Scevenson's latest story.

"Fed unker uld ped ok," she replied; and as he fell into the strong arms of the butler he murmered: "Volapuk, by ginger! Beaten in conversation at last!"

The Belaterous Atlantic

Is a terror to timid voyagers, scarcely less on account of
the perils of the deep than the almost certainty of sea sickness. The best curative of mal de mer is Hostetter's
Stomach Bitters, which settles the stomach at once and
prevents its disturbance. To all travellers and tourists,
whether by sea or land, it presents a happy medium between the nauseous or ineffectual resources of the medicine chest, and the problematic benefit derivable from an
unusedicased alcoholic sumulant, no matter how pure. The jarring of a railroad car often produces stomachie disorders akin to that caused by the rolling of a ship. For this the Bitters is a prompt and certain remedy. The use of akin to that caused by the rotting of a sain. For this the Bitters is a prompt and certain remedy. The use of brackish water, particularly on long voyages in the tropics, inevitably breeds disorders of the stomach and bowels. Hostettoric stiemech Bitters mixed with impure water nullifles its impurities. Similarly it countersets maintal and other prejudicial influences of climate or atmosphere, as well as the effects of exposure and fatigue. Use it for kidner complaints rheumatiam and debility.

VYORK DAILY TRIBUNE, SUNDAY, MAY 13, 1889. --SIXTEE

JUNEAR OF THE STATE OF THE STA

value, and he was recognized as an actor of genuine ability.

The suggestion that "Weller" is a form of "Veller," and the latter is a comparative form of Vale, is not altogether without weight, but so far as the origin of the name is concerned there is some evidence worthy of consideration. The name, by no means an uncommon one at the present day, was familiar to Diekens from his earliest chilhool, for the maden name of his nurse was Mary Weller. It has also been pointed out that a Thomas Weller once kept the Granby Head in High-st., Chatham, and both the inn and its master recall to one's mind the fictitious Marquis of Granby of which Mrs. Weiler (Sam's stepmother) was director-in-chief. Mrs. Lynn Linton, who once resided at Gad's Hill Place, says that "old Mr. Weller was a real person, and we know him. He was "old Chumley" in the fieth, and drove the stage daily from Rochester to London and back again . . . the good-natured, red-faced old fellow."

In the story of 'Oliver Twist,' Dickers introduced Mr. Fang, a police magistrate, and described his mode of administering justice. This official, before whom Oliver was brought on a charge of 'fogle-hunting,' was "a lean, long-backed, stiff necked, indide-aged man, with no great quantity of hair: and what he had, growing on the back and sides of his head. His face was stern, and much flushed. If he were really not in the nabit of drinking rather more than was exactly good for him, he might have brought an action against the passessed of his head. They were also passessed in the master farm were also passessed in the more than was exactly good for him, he might have brought an action against the passessed in the more than was exactly good for him, he might have brought an action against the passessed in the passessed in the house of the him the first sindy damages." These activities, a Metropolitan magistrate his counterman of the passessed in the house of the him the hard passessed in the house of the him to an original ready to his hand in one of the London offices; and instead of pursuing his later method of giving a personal appearance that should in some sort render difficult the identification of mental popularities, ho was only eager to get in the whole man colinples reports the daily papers: "In my next the police reports the daily papers: "In my next the police reports the daily papers: "In my next the police reports the daily papers: "In my next the police reports the daily papers: "In my next the police reports the daily papers: "In my next the police reports the police reports and action against the passes and cassing about for a magistrate whose harshness, and cassing about for a magistrate whose harshness in the summer of the passes and cassing about for a magistrate whose harshness in the passes and cassing about for a magistrate whose harshness in the passes and cassing about for a magistrate whose harshness in the passes and the passes and cassing the passes and cassing a passes and passes and t

and shortly after, on some fresh outbreak of intolorable temper, the Home Secretary found it an easy and popular atop to remove Mr. Laing from the benchacoming the comfort to everybody, saving only the principal porson.

It will be remembered that Dickens and his illustrator travelled together to the North of England, for the purpose of collecting maierial for "Nickleby," making the King's lizad, at Barnard Castle, their making the King's lizad, at Barnard Castle, their making the state of the neighboring boarding-schools, and was directed to one known as Bowes Academy, at Greta Bridge. The master, whose name was William shaw, received Dickens and his companion with a time handour, and did not so much as withdraw his core from the operation of per making during their metricus. It is said that "Phi," watching his operatinity, sketched him on his nail (a branch of the portunity, sketched him on his nail (a branch of the fine arts of which I must confess extreme ignorance), reproducing him so exactly that when the more reproducing him so exactly that when the more reproducing him so exactly that when the more finished representation of him appeared in the book, which and the school have been one of the best of its kind, and that the master was by no means such a writen as that depleted by some old residents when him to the him appeared him to suffer indicate of his neighbors, and this together with the subsequent loss of his pupils, utterly broke his spirit. Further evidence confirming this con

Turning to a more genial subject, there is the novelist's authority for stating that the portraits of those most exceptional personages, the Brothers Cheeryble, were drawn from life; that their nuble characteristics were not creations of his brain, but were absolutely founded on fact. Their prototypes were the Brothers Grant (Daniel and William), merchants and manufacturers, of Ramsbottom and Manchester, whose acquaintance Dicheuss made during his visit to that neighborhood in 1838. The two brothers were born at Elchies, Morayshire, where their father, William Grant, was a small farmer, who, being rained by a flood, afterward became a cattle-drover. Subse-

quently he commenced business in a very small way in Manchester, and prospered, when in 1700 the family was located in a retail shop in the market-piace, Bury, where they sold linen, prints, amail-wares, etc.; the sons, at that time, being employed at some print, works in the neighborhood. The Grants, through their perseverance and courtesy, rose so rapidly that on the retirement of the first sir Robert Peel, and by his speedal help and favor, they became, in 1800, the owners of the extensive works at Ramsbottom, where they carried on the business of logwood grinding, edition printing and dveing. Within ten years the fine of William Grant & Brothers had become on the fine most famous in Lancashire. Like the Brothers (Cheryble, they labored to help wery good work, both privately and publicly, and of private benefits conferred may be mentioned the encouragement given by direct commissions to Nasmyh, the painter, and the practical help accorded to his on, the eminent engineer. The Brothers Grant died many years ago, but in the district where they resided, their names are still remembered and dearly cherished.

Mrs. Rwebank, which will be real name was John Head, at Barnard Catle (where the novellst stayed), knew the original of John Browde, the good-natured Yorkshireman, quite well—his real name was John Wiss Dent, a cousin of Miss Shaw.

It is generally supposed that Mrs. Nickleby is a portrast of Mrs. John Dickens, the novellst's mother. A writer says that Mrs. Dickens had been very nicelooking in her youth. She was a little wontan, the roughly good-natured, easy-going, and companionable, and the likeness between her and Mrs. Nickleby is a portrast of Mrs. John Dickens, the novellst's mother. A writer says that Mrs. Dickens had been very nicelooking in her youth. She was a little wontan, the roughly good-natured, easy-going, and companionable, and the likeness between her and Mrs. Nickleby is a portrast of Mrs. Center of the same protony of the consensed of a carraordinary sense of the ludication, she would afte

him in the portrayal of Newman Noggs.

During the time that Dickons and "Phis" were investigating the subject of the Yorkshire schools, they ledged at the principal hotel in Barnard Castle, in the county of Durham, and immediately opposite the hotel was a watchmaker's shop, easily seen by the novelist from his sitting-room window. Over the shop-front was conspicuously placed the name of "Humphreys, Clockmaker," which fixed itself so indelibly on the author's mind, that he gave it to the clockmaker in his next story, and wrote to tell "Master Humphreys, clockmaker," and wrote to tell "Master Humphreys, what he had done, sending him, at the same time, a copy of "Nicholas Nickleby." As for the original of the famous clock itself, we learn that its manufacture was begun in 1828 by William Humphreys, son of Thomas Humphreys, the then proprietor of the shop. On its completion the following year it was placed in a niche on the righthand side of the glass shop-door, where Dickens first saw it, and where in passing he frequently consulted it for the correct time, thus becoming acquainted with the owner and his son, Master Humphreys. The shop was a certable "curiosity shop," containing, as it did, such a miscellaneous collection of toys, clocks, philosophic instruments, and relies innumerable.

One of the most amusing characters in the "Old Curiosity Shop" is that of the small slipshod girl who wore "a dirty coarse apron and bib, which loft nothing of her visible but her face and feet," and who was called "The Marchioness" by that choice spirit, Mr. Richard Swiveller, in order "to make it seem more real and pleasants." The novellat took his first impression of this domestic young person from a maid-of-ail-work possessed by the Dickens family whon living in Bayham Sireet, Camidon Town. She was an oryhan from the Chatham workhouse, and continued to wait upon her employers during their incarceration in the Marshasea. Like young Charles Dickens, she had a lodging in the neighborhood of the prison, that she might be carly on

his talented son. He dreased well, and wore a goodly bunch of seals suspended across his waisteeat from his watch-chain."

A writer says that Dickens also availed himself of certain peculiarities of Thomas Powell, "a so-called vilterary man," of America, many of whose idiovercretes were set forth in a story published in "The flow ton Index" some years axo. Like Micawber, Powell had a trick of becoming very confidential on small or no provocation. He also had a large family, and a perfect mains for writing letters, even to persons in the same room—other points of rotemblance to Mr. Dickens's Micawber.

Dora speniow, David Copperfield's "child-wife," was drawn from a living person, for Dickens, too, had his Dora in 1829, who, like Devid's fiancee, "was striven for as the only thing to be attained, and even more unstrainable, for neither did he succeed, nor happily did she die; but the one idel, like the other, supplying a motive to exertion for the time, and otherwise orening out to the idelator, both in fact and fiction, a highly insubstantial, happy, foolish time." A letter from Dickens to his biographer confirms the statement that the Dora in fiction is founded on a Dora in fact. The description of Flora, in "Little Dorrit," was derived from the same original.

Dickons, thinking that a grotesque little oddity among his acquainance would be safe from recognition, had given way to the templation of soppying too closely the peculiarities of her face and figure. Although in Misa Mowcher's "Ain't I volatile" his friends had quite correctly recognized the favorite expression of a different person, and other traits were not hers at all, yet he was shocked and grieved to discover that he had given pain to a person who saw in Miss Mowcher a strong resemblance to herself, and speedily remedied, as far as was practicable, the injury he had unintentionally inflicted by making certain alterations in the subsequent perreayal of the character.

In Harold Shimpole of "Bleak House" Dickons deeply

Impurities in the blood produce diseases. Bodily and mental health depend upon a healthy condition eine (S. S. S.) In regard to its wonderful purify. ing and tonic powers, we give a few testimonials a follows:

Co., 10 Spruce-st, New-York, writes, March 29, 1888: " I feel it my duty, for the benefit of others who may be affleted as I was, to write you this let ter, which you can use as my testimony in any way ary last I suffered great pain and inconvenience from tion. After trying all the usual remedies in such cases and finding no relief, by the persuasion of Mr. J. W. Fears, Manager of your New York office, I used one bottle 5.5.5., and I improved rapidly and yery soon I was entirely relieved of my ' Job's Comforters.' Now not a sign of my affliction can be seen. I feel strong and cheerful. S. S. S. is a fine tonio as proved in my case. I sleep soundly and my ap-petite is good."

Dr. J. N. Cheney, a well-known physician, writes

from Ellaville, Georgia: "I use S. S. S. in con-valescent sever cases with the best results. It will, in my judgment, prevent summer dysentery, if one will take a few bottles in the spring, thus preparing the bowels for the strains of summer."

Mrs. Scott Liston, 116 Zanc-st. (Island), Wheel-

ing, West Virginia, writes: "Having used S. S. S. for the blood, I can eafely say that it boats anything I have used to cleanse the blood and make a new being out of a person."

a new being out of a person."

Mr. M. S. Hamlin, Winston, N. C., writes: "I
use it every spring. It always builds me up, giving me appetite and digestion, and enabling me to stand the long, trying, enervating hot summer days On using it I soon become strong of body and easy Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases matted free.

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injured the susceptibilities of his friend, Leigh Kunt, whose eccentricities he had unmistakably exaggreated in connecting them with Shimpole. Although the novelist felt that it was wrong in being thus tempted to utilize the power he pressessed of reproducing the peculiarities of his friends and their natural traits of character, he apparently found it irresistible. Hareld Skimpole's likeness to that of his prototype was so easily recognized that it led to much remark; unfortunately, a part in the plot was assigned to him which no fascinating folibles or gayettes of speech could redeem from contempt. The story is a long one, and so well told by others that a repetition of it is unnecessary. Suffice it to say that Pickons's intention was not an unkind one. He erred from thoughtlessness only, and often expressed his regret that he had unade the character apeak too much like his old friend.

For the character of Lawrence Boythorn he was similarly indebted to another friend, Walter Savage Landor. Boythorn forms a strong and not unpleasing contrast to Shimpole, so that the consequences arising from the portrayal were not so disastrons as in the case of Leigh Hunt; in fact, no objection was made, as indictous traits were employed to enrich withs out impairing an airractive person in the tale.

A striking pamphlet on the subject of Chancery abuses and dolars afforded Dickens a valuable hint is his treatment of the great Chancery suit, in "Bleak House," of Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce.

One of the suitors in that great case was "a little mad woman in a squeezet bonnet, who is always in court, from its sitting to its rising, and always expecting some incomprehensible judgment to be given in her reticule which she cails her documents; principally sensiting of paper matches and dry lavender." The name of the "Little Old Lady" was Filte, and her portrait was taken from life. One who have her well informs me that she was always hovering in or about the Chancery Courts, generally in court, and that she was employed to the attended

and of the hirth Diskons speaks of Mrs. Gamp as a fall episcentiation. At the time the book was published, of the litred attendant on the proof a disk citizent attendant on the proof a disk citizent attendant on the proof and set in the citizent was no better off, for Mrs. Gamp's original was in resulty a person hird by a most desirable that the side were no better off, for Mrs. Gamp's original was in resulty a person hird by a most desirable that the side were no better off, for Mrs. Gamp's original was in resulty a person hird by a most desirable that the side were no better off, for Mrs. Gamp's original was in resulty a person hird by a most desirable that the side were no better off, for Mrs. Gamp's original was in resulty a distribution of the side of the common habit of this murs in the side words. The side of the common habit of this murs in the side words of the character, nor design the side of the common habit of this murs in the side of the common habit of this murs in the side of the common habit of this murs in the side of the common habit of this murs in the common habit of this murs in the common habit of this murs in the side of the common habit of the side After the completion of the first three numbers of "Our Mutual Friend," the illustrator of that work,

intimated that he meant to call as a witness a Mr. Pickwick.

Baron Huddleston—"Pickwick is a very appropriate witness to be called by Dickens." (Laughterland Mr. Dickens." I fully believe that the sole reason why I was instructed in this case was that I might call Mr. Pickwick." (Laughterland Mr. Pickwick." (Laughterland Mr. Pickwick." (Laughterland Mr. Pickwick.") (Laughterland Mr. Mosse Pickwick. Who kept a coach at Bath, and that I have every reason to believe that it was from this Mosse Pickwick, who kept a coach at Bath, and that I have every reason to believe that it was from this Mosse Pickwick. Who kept a coach at Bath, and that I have every reason to believe that it was from this Mosse Pickwick. The work of Mr. Pickwick—Sam Weller—seeing the name outside the pickwick—Sam Weller—seeing the name outside the coach. Was indignant, because he thought it was accordingly anxious to inflict condign punishment upon the offender."

Mr. Pickwick. having apologized for the digression, and a mitted that the temptation was too strong for him, resumed the conduct of the case.

## The Greatest Calamity of the Present Day Is Bleached Hair.

So said one who, in her admiration for blonde tresset So said one who, in her admiration for blonde tresses had, by the application of bleach, taken the color from her brown hair. She was charmed with the first result, but as repeated applications became necessary, and her but as repeated applications became necessary, and her began to be mottled and lifetess, she gave utterance to the above quoted centiment, believing that she suffered from a calamity which, as it could not be cured, must be endured.

she knows better now, for her hair has been restored to its original brown with one application of the IMPE-RIAL HAIR RECENERATOR, 54 WEST TWENTY-THIRD-ST., which gives to BLEACHED HAIR any color chosen, to Gray Hair or Beard the original natural color.